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FRANK A. MUNSEY.

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1907.

A Crisis in Austria.

Will the death of the Emperor of Austria leave things as they are, or will it bring the simmering pot of trouble in his mixed-up dominions to a boil and scatter confusion throughout Europe? Much depends upon the man who will succeed him on the throne, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, a man of almost unbroken qualities, old enough to be cautious—if caution comes with age—but handicapped by the circumstance that he has been nothing more than a royal figurehead.

Francis Joseph has been an emperor in fact as well as in name; that is, through his dominating personality he has held the loose parts of his empire together. He has been known for many a year as the humblest and yet perhaps the most powerful character in Europe. A man of almost monastic unselfishness, acquainted with grief in its sharpest forms, long past the age of vanity and frivolity, he has held the kingdom of Austria-Hungary in his hand, arrogantly, oftentimes, but plainly with a mind to preserve peace and give time to the jealous elements to harmonize.

But of harmony they will have none, and when Francis Ferdinand accedes to the throne he will find in Hungary a power eager to seize autonomy on the slightest pretext. In numbers the Hungarians are almost a match for the Austrians; in spirit they are much more than a match, since their desire for independence has been hatching for years. A single misstep on the part of the throne might precipitate the long-deferred crisis.

This is the imminent shadow of trouble. As for the Kaiser and his ambitions they constitute an extraneous source of possible adventures. If Wilhelm should not dare to make a bold move for the Mediterranean port he has had his eye on, he might mark time in the hope to take advantage of trouble in his neighbor's house.

The Thunderer's Wonder.

"A curious ethical problem" is the revelation of the Pennsylvania capitol frauds to the ponderous London Times. As "the great middle class in the United States is probably not surpassed in honesty and business integrity by any people in the world," it seems very strange that they should "leave their public business in the hands of notorious rogues."

But there is another source of wonder—that of self-interest apparently sacrificed—which The Times sees in this wise:

Every inhabitant of those American cities must be perfectly well aware that he pays more than he ought to pay for every one of the ordinary accompaniments of urban civilization, for roads, for water, for light, for the protection of life and property, and that all these necessities, besides being supplied to him at exorbitant rates, are, as a rule, very bad of their kind. Every American knows that the profits upon the municipal management, or illicit enhancement of the price of commodities of universal necessity, and the foundations of most of the colossal fortunes to which he points with a certain degree of pride, though they often constitute in reality not only a national disgrace, but a national danger.

The Times knows only half the factors in the problem. It should visit Pennsylvania. It should hear the good people of that State—the honest merchants and the motherly housewives—refuse to believe any of the reports from Philadelphia and Harrisburg. It should see for itself the willful blindness bred in that Commonwealth by party pride. It will then not wonder so much.

Several years ago, when Quay's notorious dispatch, "I will shake the plum tree," was appearing in every newspaper, an old farmer of Northumberland county, with Republicanism larger than patriotism, stopped his paper for printing the news. "The trouble with the newspapers," he told the editor, "is that Mr. Quay (that's the way he pronounced the Senator's name) is smarter than any of you." He was an exception chiefly in the fact that he stopped the paper. He was hardly any exception at all in that he refused to believe the evidences of his own senses rather than admit evil in his party.

Way down deep, this is the well-spring of graft, thieves, inhumanity like that meted out to Sculptor Barnard by our American governments. It could not exist except for meretricious plays on "party loyalty." As long as men preach the doctrine we heard in the House of Representatives when debate closed on the joint statehood bill, and as long as citizens throughout

the country are willing to subscribe to that preaching, we cannot hope to keep the grafters out of power—whether they steal from us openly, as those did at Harrisburg, or covertly, as they do when they maintain corrupt lobbies to keep tariff duties "unnecessarily high."

A False Alarm for the Trees.

A great hue and a loud cry have been raised over the preparation of ground in the Botanic Garden for the Grant Memorial. It has been taken for established fact that two more or less historic trees are to be cut into kindling, and that this is but the beginning of a general plan for rearranging the Mall which will rob it of its verdure and convert it into something like a fringed lawn. The matter has even been taken into the courts on the first of these assumptions, and leading citizens, whose support ought to be enthusiastic for so noble a scheme to adorn Washington, are writing letters, or paying court fees, or otherwise laboring to prevent the fulfillment of that scheme.

The trouble is, in part, that these neighbors have not known the facts, and in remaining part, that they did not take the trouble to find them out. Glenn Brown sets them forth in a letter to The Times, published Monday last. After citing the moving of more than 200 historic trees when the Capitol grounds were altered by Mr. Olmsted in 1873, he makes it perfectly plain that the two trees now in the way may quite as easily be moved from the site of the Grant Memorial. The eminent architect says much more that is relevant, but that is enough. If the complaint is that the location fixed for the Grant Memorial involves the destruction of the "Crittenden Peace Oak" and the "Beck Elm," why it lacks foundation in fact—that is all.

But the outcry prompts a word or two on the general subject of making Washington beautiful. Suppose such a broad plan—making every feature contribute to the setting of every other feature, giving the Capital the beauty and practical value of order rather than the gaping incompleteness and haphazard of accident—required the destruction of two trees planted, not by statesmen of the second class or lower, but by Washington and Jefferson. Suppose that the new plan, as does that of the Park Commission, provided many more trees than the present. Suppose that, in addition, it gave the noblest structures of the city a new beauty—that of a setting of the foot of long avenues of green. Would any man in his senses sacrifice this plan for those two particular trees?

Washington owes its present charm chiefly to the foresight of L'Enfant and Ellicott. Messrs. Burnham, McKim, Saint-Gaudens, and Olmsted have supplied for the newer and greater Washington the same kind of foresight. And now that work is to begin on an important feature of their plan, there are those who would not only sacrifice it for two trees planted by statesmen as much distinguished by those trees as anything else, but sacrifice it when even those trees need not be destroyed.

Major Sylvester deserves a great deal of credit for having stopped the picking of pockets. But if the price of living goes up any more some of us would relish having a good, skillful pickpocket go through our clothes to see what he can find.

That thief who broke in to steal works of art could not hope for a light sentence if Uncle Joe were the court.

When the President jumped into that lake it may have been he was trying to work up a little fellow-feeling for the Fairbanks boom.

No matter what Mr. Taft may say to the Philippines later he has had the fun of their reception and banquet.

Tammany having made a good breakfast out of the McClellan bolt, will now work up an appetite for a course dinner off of the fusionists.

Why not bring Mr. Muldoon to Washington and save on expense accounts? Mr. Finley is right about it—politics has hurt the railroads and always will, whether it is the demagogue or the railroad attorney which is on top.

This game-makers' convention is not an extra session of Congress.

LABOR AND MACHINERY.

In 1830 one weaver ran twenty-five spindles. In 1850 he ran sixty-five. When an English silk throwster was told that in American silk mills the speed of machinery had been increased 5,000 to 7,500 revolutions a minute he said: "If our machinery were made to go so fast all our girls would run away." Today in America there are mills that go at the rate of 15,000 a minute. In Germany a blacksmith makes twenty-five beam hangers a day; in America a machine makes 700 beam hangers a day.

In Adam Smith's day one pinmaker made 4,800 pins a day; today one pinmaker makes 1,500,000 pins a day. The cost of printing cotton is half a cent a yard here. The Massachusetts factory worker gets 27 per cent of what he produces, while the unorganized South Carolina worker only gets 10 per cent, but the Massachusetts man produces in a year \$15 more than the other for his employer. Thus highly paid labor is of more value to the employer than half-starved children.—Nashville Tennessean.

FORGET IT!

You can't change the weather by sweet-ward or praise; You can't change it by And let it Just blister an blaze! —Atlanta Constitution.

WIFE OF BLIND SENATOR FROM OKLAHOMA COMING TO JOIN THE OFFICIAL SET



MRS. THOMAS P. GORE,
Wife of the Blind Senator From Oklahoma, and Her Daughter.

Husband Always Refers to Her as "His Guiding Spirit"—Mrs. Gore Will Be Here When Congress Opens.

When the new social season dawns on Washington with the assembling of the Sixtieth Congress the first Monday in December, the official set at the Capital will have an interesting addition in Mrs. Thomas P. Gore, wife of the newly elected senator from Oklahoma. Senator Gore is even now referred to as "the blind senator," and already the story of his wife's devotion in his affliction has gone out over the country.

The senator himself refers to her as "his guiding spirit," and that is what

she has proved to be, not only in his public career, but in his private life, from the rising of the sun until the day is ended.

Mrs. Gore and the little daughter of the household will come to Washington in time for the opening of Congress. Not only will she occupy a conspicuous position through her part in her husband's life, but she will be one of the first senatorial hostesses from the new territory. It is hoped through the coterie of charming women of the West who preside over official homes in Washington.

Move the Monument, Plea of Some; Others Regard It With Favor

That there is sufficient interest and local pride in beautifying Washington, either by the process of accession or elimination, is manifest in the spirit displayed by various citizens of the city in regard to the suggestion that the statue of George Washington be removed from the Capitol plaza. This memorial to the first President of the United States has long been the subject of controversy here and of discussion elsewhere and its ultimate removal has been looked forward to with a marked degree of satisfaction by one element and an equal amount of regret by the other.

The Times is in receipt of a number of letters on the subject, some expressing one opinion, while others take an entirely opposite view.

Following are two which touch upon the subject:

Langdon, D. C., Oct. 14, 1907.

To the Editor of The Washington Times: I read with interest the communication in Saturday's Times relative to the removal of the Greenough statue of Washington from the east front of the Capitol, and I believe that I voice the sentiment of nine out of every ten of your readers when I second the motion. The action is a healthy sign and presages a local awakening to an appreciation of all that is best and noblest in art.

The Capital City, which in late years has become a Mecca for pilgrims from all parts of the country, should contain nothing but the best of art. It is little comfort to reflect that we already have a number of statues in bronze and stone, let us see to it that these relics of a bygone standard of taste be relegated to oblivion with as little delay as possible. A. M. REBLING.

To the Editor of The Washington Times:

Remove the figure of Washington from the Capitol grounds, destroy sacred edifices, enlarge the field of the leopards, give greater scope to the operations of the ignorant, give full employment to their tongues! Washington is in majestic repose, his arm raised, hand pointing to the skies. The semblance of the man is indicative of the time of his activities and his age expressing the serenity of a statesman. All this points the nervous critic; therefore, enlarge the field of the leopards, to the gloom of some shade. Please those who admire a well-shaped horse rather than the man thereon, whose visage is unknown and whose names will be forgotten when Washington will retain the admiration of this country and the American people in reverential silence still pass by. Inclose the figure in a glass house that it may be visible the whole year. JAMES H. REA.

CONSUMPTION WAR HELPED BY OSLER

LONDON, Oct. 15.—Dr. Osler, who is a guest in the viceregal lodge, in Dublin, is taking an active interest in the campaign which Lady Aberdeen inaugurated against consumption in Ireland. He lectured to a crowded audience in connection with the opening of the tuberculosis exhibition, and took part in a meeting of the consumption committee, at which Lady Aberdeen presided, dealing with a proposal that consumption should be made a notifiable disease under a public health act. Dr. Osler referred to what has been done in New York.

"A great many persons," he said, "feel that tuberculosis would be a hardship. That was felt in New York, too, where notification has been most thoroughly taken up. But New York is a city in which the fight against tuberculosis has been most vigorous and successful. You always think of New York as a hotbed of political tyranny and all that, and yet those very politicians have done a remarkable work in backing up the health authorities. This crusade in New York is a model for the world. Those in the light are politicians of Tammany Hall, who are largely Irishmen, and they deserve the greater credit for what they have done."

MANY GO BACK.

More persons crossed the Atlantic ocean from this side during the first six months of the present year than during any other similar period. There were 21,900 steerage passengers in that time.

PIERCE CHURCH FOR EPISCOPALAN NATIVITY CHAPEL

Church Workers in Northeastern Section Want House of Worship.

Members of the Protestant Episcopal denomination that make up the congregation of the Chapel of the Nativity, located in temporary quarters just east of Lincoln Park, and who constitute a highly representative body of churchmen of the northeastern section of the city, are making efforts to raise a fund with which to erect a handsome modern church building.

The movement is in the hands of the Rev. Enoch M. Thompson, former curate of the Pro-Cathedral, Church of the Ascension, Twelfth street and Massachusetts avenue. The Rev. Rev. J. Y. Satterlee, bishop of Washington, is lending his personal efforts to raising the fund, and every member of the congregation of the Chapel of the Nativity is devoting personal effort to the work. If self-sacrifice, hard work, and enthusiasm count for anything, they will succeed.

Plans Prepared.

Hill & Kendall, architects, have prepared the plans and specifications for the proposed church, with a guildhouse attached. The building, when completed, will cost \$25,000. However, the first object of the congregation is to raise the sum of \$5,000 with which to erect the first story, or basement, of the proposed church proper, which will be put under roof and used as a chapel until such time as the building can be completed.

The congregation is worshipping in a small rented building. This section of the city has been neglected by the Protestant Episcopalians. It offers a broad field of usefulness, and there is need of such a building.

Churchmen all over the District will be appealed to for contributions for the church fund. They will be received by the bishop of the district, the Rev. Enoch M. Thompson, at 520 Seventeenth street northwest.

Sometime ago the congregation purchased the lot for the new building for \$3,700, all of which has been paid by small contributions, except about \$600.

Oyster Supper.

The ladies of the congregation are arranging for an oyster supper the last of this month to be followed by a rummage sale and later a big church fair in which the women members of all the Episcopal churches of the District will be asked to participate. It will be a social church function, of more than passing importance, in that it means that the amount necessary to put in the foundation and erect the basement of the church can be raised. The guild house is a second consideration and will be provided for later.

TIPPER A FRAUD, SAYS GOVERNMENT

Brooklyn Race "Handicapper" Deprived of Use of Mails.

Because he advertised that he could "tip the winners" at the races, by reason of inside information, and then failed to make good, the Postoffice Department is withdrawing the mail of Bernard D. Myer, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Myer used the fictitious names of James Burton, George H. Hoxie, Robert J. Orton, Dan Webb, and A. Foreman in his advertisements, every one of whom he represented to be a "peace of a chicken."

Myer's scheme was to use a certain name for about two weeks, over which he would advertise extravagant claims as to winners he had picked. The list being entirely fictitious, there was no possibility of his deception being detected. As soon as he would get in a volume of business under one name, he would shift to another, and again claim that he had made some "heavy killings."

In one case cited, Myer is said to have advertised that he had full particulars of a sensational "clean-up" that was new ready. "One of the richest men I ever saw, and about 10 to 1, a choice trick at a corking good price."

The inspector questioned Myer as to the particular horse he had in mind when he advertised a certain 20 to 1 shot. Myer said that "Limpe" was the peach on that occasion, but that second was the best that he did.

Such fallibility in the face of such positive statements as to inside information is not to be thought of, of course, and the inspector deemed it wise to put Myer and his various aliases out of commission.

GRAND OPERA STARS POOR POKER PLAYERS

NEW YORK, Oct. 15.—The rather disagreeable trip of the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, ending last evening, was remarkable for a grand operative poker game among masters, and kindred souls. No matter how bad the weather the musical poker shops were always playing in the liner's smoking room to win one another's princely salaries.

The players were Alfred Hertz, one of Mr. Conried's conductors at the Metropolitan; Cleofante Campanini, Oscar Hammerstein's director and composer; Joseph Muetta, representing a mechanical organ company; Carl Heinzen, of Chicago, and generally two more musicians.

Both the maestros had to confess that their art was no match for the commercial skill of their antagonist Muetta, who was on his nineteenth trip, and certainly knew how to play cards. So high art's remuneration dropped into the facile hand of mere commerce. Mr. Muetta won all the money.

HARVEST TIME.

It is not often that our country at time of harvest, which is always beautiful, has looked in such perfect beauty as this year, when the grass, the hedge-rows, and the trees are all in their summer verdure, and so have not had all the color burnt out of them by the sunshine of a normal warmer season. Though the harvest is an excellent one, it is late; but, even so, there is no tinge of autumnal hue on the trees.—Country Life.

Equine Push-Cart Ethics; Do Not Beat the Owner Of A Horse for Eating Grapes

Delighted Beast Lunches on Malaga as the Enraged Fruit Vender Assaults the "Innocent" Expressmen.

NEW YORK, Oct. 16.—However much the others cast by the swift flow of events in this little two-act street drama of the lower east side may be inclined to find fault with one another, nobody can reasonably blame the horse. Obeying the law of instinct and possibly also influenced to some extent by the force of human example, that sagacious animal merely looked upon the pushcart and its wares in the light of public property. Its only offense, if offense it be called, was that it knew a good thing when it saw it.

If he had bestowed any particular thought on the matter at all, which clearly he did not, William P. Evans, expressman and the owner of the horse in question, might not have stopped his horse so that its nose came into tantalizing juxtaposition with the impetuous display on Lenato Matiro's cart. But, driving up hurriedly in front of 183 Grand he did bring the animal to a standstill in the manner described and as he disappeared in a store with a bundle of grapes, the horse promptly moved forward a pace or two and eagerly embraced the opportunity afforded it.

Half a dozen big bunches of succulent Malaga had already been eaten when the delighted beast, and a great heap of luscious Concord, being directly in the line of attack, was beginning to melt away before the voracious if educated appetite of the intelligent animal, when the pushcart merchant, whose back had been turned to the curb in his effort to induce purchases from passersby, suddenly heard a prodigious munching and, whirling about, brought the free lunch to a quick termination.

Evans, the expressman, reappearing on the scene a moment later, saw Matiro, red with rage and giving vent to a flow of horrid words, engaged in a violent effort to compel the still hungry horse to disgorge a half eaten bunch of the pilfered grapes.

Not at once comprehending the cause of the trouble, he flew to the rescue, and failed to warn his own horse of the enraged fruit dealer that he in turn had to be rescued by a policeman a few minutes later.

When the curtain went up on the second act, in the Tombs Police Court, Magistrate Finn was found occupying the center of the stage, the expressman held the complainant's place on the bridge and the unfortunate pushcart proprietor, still panting from his exertion and anger, rested his body against the prisoner's red.

Viewpoint at Variance.

Both men told their stories. Evans insisting Matiro had attacked him and beaten him with his own horsewhip, and the defendant declaring he was the one assaulted.

The court found it impossible to get at the exact facts, about the only thing that was absolutely sure being that the expressman's horse had thoroughly enjoyed itself at the prisoner's expense. Magistrate Finn therefore dismissed the complaint.

"But, say," he counseled Matiro as the fruit vender prepared to depart, "you want to understand in future that even if a horse does eat a few of your grapes, you haven't got a license to beat a man's brains out."

Appetizer of Malagas.

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RESURRECTED "CORPSE" SCARES THREE PORTERS, BUT LIMPS AFTER FALL

"Lem-me out! Help! Murder!" With cries that stirred the neighborhood, scared white and nearly falling over one another in their hurry to get away, three colored men, in a confusion of legs and arms, were last seen flying through the doors of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad station to liberty and safety.

It was just at the ghostly hour of midnight, when the belching trains were not disturbing the restful slumbers of the officials, porters, and hangers-on at the railroad station, that some undue excitement broke the fitful sleep of the visitors in the nearby hotels. The station master was quietly asleep when a brilliant idea flashed through his mind. Setting actions to his thought, he called in two cronies, the plot was hatched, and the trap laid.

Order Coffin Box Moved.

A pine box—one used in shipping a casket, and built in the shape of a casket—was leaning against one of the iron pillars supporting the roof, about five feet below the entrance gate to the train sheds. It had been placed there to be carried to a later train.

"Here, Buck," called Roby, the assistant station master, "this casket will have to be moved down the tracks further; get Jim and tell him to come here. I want to see him."

The three conspirators then separated. A moment later three husky sons of darkest Africa, fantastically dressed in crimson-colored caps and navy blue uniforms covered with what might resemble gold lace at a distance, tackled the ghostly-looking wooden box.

Samuel T. Thomas, who is said to have the honor of carrying the small end; Ezekiel Hatfield had so spared that his brawny arms would support the weight of the box in the middle, and T. not permitted Smith was left to carry the dead weight of the head of the box.

Corpse Shows Signs of Life.

It all happened so quickly that the observer refused to be quoted as to subsequent events, but at any rate the next thing to be seen were three pairs of dilated optics staring in fascinated fixity, riveted upon a pair of slowly appearing legs.

"Boom! guking knee and unsteady tread, the three porters, unconsciously and unperceptibly, dropped their live burden and rushed out of the building."

When the live "corpse" was able to extricate himself from his wooden inclosure, he was recognized as one of the porters, and T. not permitted to be seen.

The "corpse" may be identified by a bump on his head, three bruises, and a limp.

Calls Policeman Sells Coffin; Wife Insists To Be Nurse For Abandoned Cat Upon "Style"

HATTON, Pa., Oct. 16.—Isaac Coffman a few days ago sold a coffin he had made many years ago. He sold it, not because he felt he would have no use for it, but because his wife insisted that it was not his style.

Isaac Coffman is nearing his eightieth birthday. He explained to a friend that he constructed the coffin twenty years ago, at a time when plans for the future had to be made. It was built of chestnut, and he put it in the garage.

"Many's the time I have sat beside a cherry blaze of chestnut logs and heard them crackle and burn merrily. It makes such a homelike blaze that I picked it in preference to other woods. It was my desire to make the coffin as cozy as possible, and I rejected the frivolities which so many persons afford in the matter of coffins. In order to have it handy I kept it in the garage. But at the same time, I think that the coffin which was good enough for me in my poorer days should satisfy me now, and I still always feel out of place in the new-fangled affair."

ALLEGED ASSAULT OF GIRL NEARLY LYNCHED BY MOB

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Oct. 16.—With angry threats of lynching, an infuriated mob of a hundred Italians yesterday caught Frank Suchmann, forty years of age, near here, and tying a rope around his neck, attempted to hang him to a telegraph pole. Policemen arrived and rescued the man.

Suchmann was charged with having attacked an eleven-year-old girl.

TIN MILL TO CLOSE.

SHARON, Pa., Oct. 16.—It was officially announced today that the South Sharon tin mill of the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company will close on the last day of the week for an indefinite period.

Scarcity of orders is the reason assigned.